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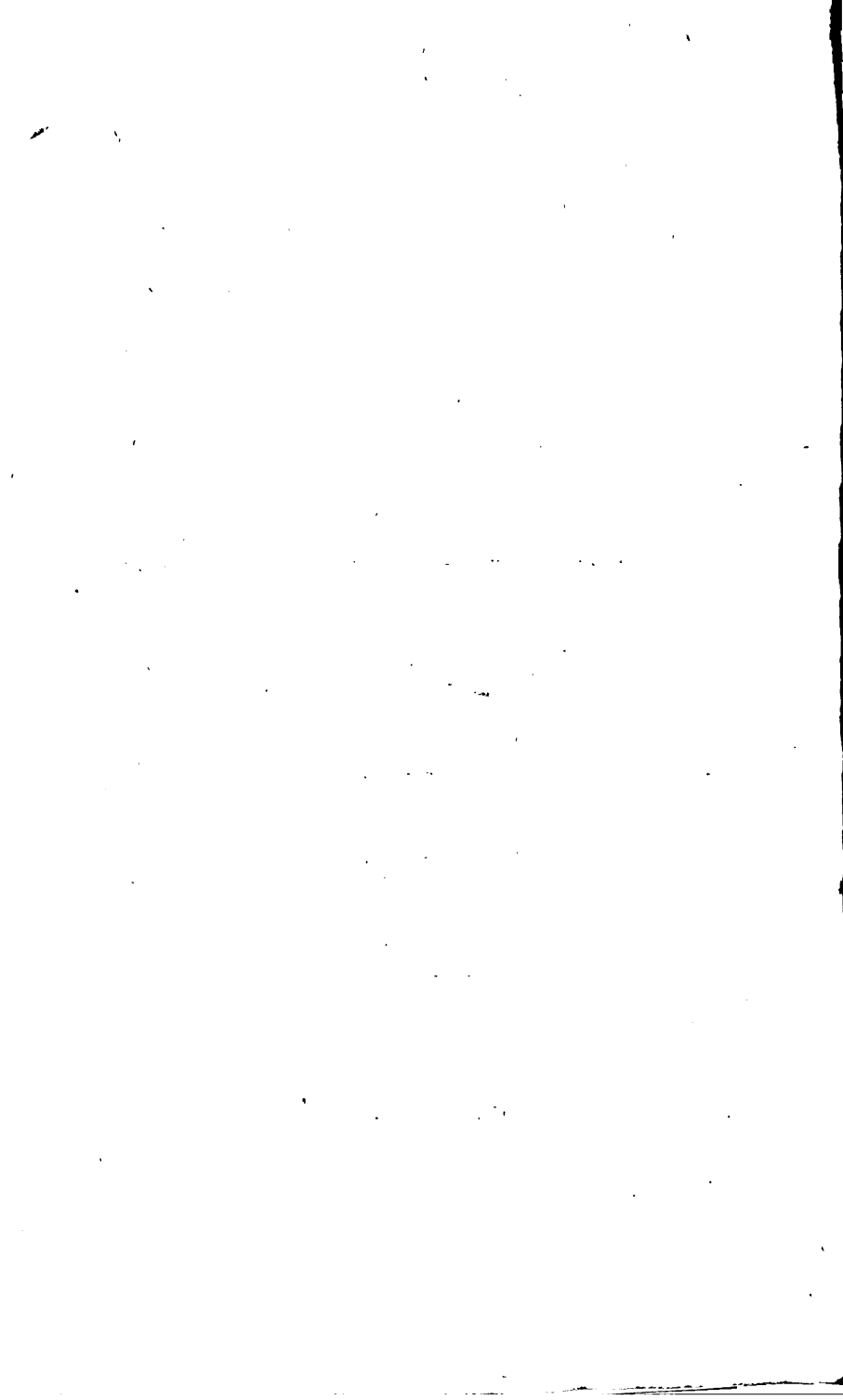
NOT TRIM

C.T.

THE LASH,

A Satire.

[Price Half-a-Crown.]



THE LASH;

A Satire

WITHOUT NOTES.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

FIAT JUSTITIA!

*For Merit Praise—for Truth an Altar,
For Fools a Lash—for Knaves a Halter!*

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR BONE AND HONE, OPPOSITE SOMERSET
HOUSE, STRAND.

1809.

ERRATUM.

Page 15, last line, for *grains* read *gains*.

PRINTED BY W. LEWIS, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

THE LASH,

A Satire.

NOW, in the days of this declining age,
When Virtue, Vice, unequal warfare wage ;
When conq'ring Vice, to keep his foe in check,
Sets his curst heel on weeping Virtue's neck;
When foul Depravity's the road to fame,
And Honesty is banish'd hence, with shame;
When scarce a statesman, our last Patriot gone,
But lends a hand to push our ruin on ;

184830

 THE LASH, A SATIRE.

When Wickedness, no longer kept at bay,
 Sweeps thro' the island with resistless sway;
 When, to be good and lead a life upright,
 You must turn hermit and avoid the sight;
 When those, who only would be good in shew,
 Are shunn'd as much as those who're *really* so;
 When scarce a family from th' infection's free,
 (Unless we except the Royal Family!)
 What pow'r can urge me thus to draw my
 quill?

Or having drawn, can urge me to sit still?

My friends alarm'd, and anxious at the strife,
 Who prize my safety more than I prize life;
 Choosing a subject for my muse more fit,
 Bid me the thorny road of satire quit;

THE LASH, A SATIRE.

To wake the spring they bid me yearly call,
(Which but for poets might not wake at all)
Or on sweet panegyric build my plan,
And soothsome great man's wife, or some great man.

Peace to their fears! what servile tie shall bind
The genuine ardor of the freeborn mind,
That looks resentful on a venal state,
With incense scorning to besiege the great;
Rous'd at a nation's wrongs maintains her trust,
And dares, tho' spurn'd by pride and pow'r, be
just!

As heav'n, physicians for the health, decrees,
So heav'n makes poets for the mind's disease;
Bids them to deeds of patriot worth aspire,
Their hearts with virtue fills—their souls with fire;

THE LASH, A SATIRE.

Bids them indignant view the slightest crimes,
And rise triumphant in the worst of times;
Shews where guilt, lurking, lies conceal'd from
sight,

And bids them drag the caitiff to the light;
Exulting mark each gilded slave their prey,
And arm'd with satire boldly cut their way!

And shall the muse, to whom such pow'rs are
giv'n,

Desert the sacred task impos'd by heav'n?

Shall she be mute, whose language oft pre-
vails,

When justice, law, and ev'n the gospel fails?

Shall she, regardless, the foul monster spare?

No, she shall seek her in St. James' air!

THE LASH, A SATIRE.

Where, from her throne, Corruption sells her smiles,
The Scylla and Charybdis of our isles.

No lurking Goodwins threaten here, tis true,

But rocks more secret, and more fatal too

To her curst form the bravest bend the knee,

And honor's shipwreck'd, ere he puts to sea;

Whole crowds of vot'ries at her levee wait,

Agents of death, with Ministers of state.

Here nursling heroes mingle with divines,

Who dig the scriptures, with, who dig the mines;

By thousand avenues approach the throne,

Where sits the Sorceress with her darling son,

Receiving cautious suppliants in the dark,

Led in, and introduc'd by Mistress Clarke!

All sums as presents to her shrine they bring,

From whence all sorts of places instant spring;

 THE LASH, A SATIRE.

Here tiny bribes of tiny scoundrels heap,
 With droits of Admiralty six feet deep.
 There, Merit, urging his strong claim appears,
 A hardy Vet'ran, full of wounds and years;
 Tells, how by honor fir'd, by valor led,
 He fought at Dunkirk, and at Helder bled;
 " Put up thine arm, friend, and depart this place,
 " Seek not reward, for thine's a hopeless case;
 " Thy nameshall ne'erwith Fortune's minions join,
 " Thou shew'st thy wounds, but never shew'st
 thy coin.
 " Put up thine arm—to pain and sorrow go,
 " —Thy wounds thou shew'st, but, coin—thou
 can'st not shew!"

But, death to think! is this true valour's meed?

—O! Britain, Britain, thou art sunk indeed!

 THE LASH, A SATIRE.

Ye winds, that once from ev'ry quarter came,
 To waft the greatness of the British name;
 Bear not these tidings to a foreign ear,
 —Or, let them fall so soft, they may not hear!
 Let not our foes, inflated with their pride,
 Point to our shores, and tauntingly deride;
 Pleas'd to behold us trifling with our smart,
 So flush'd in face, and yet so sick at heart!
 Tell them not how corruption's wizard hand
 Hath spread contagion thro' our bleeding land;
 That vice each shameless rank hath so crept in
 The meanest subject is a Prince in sin!
 But what hath sunk us to this dismal state?
 What, but the loose examples of the great?
 Th' infection flies like light'ning thro' the whole,
 The fountain's poison'd, and the stream runs foul.

 THE LASH, A SATIRE.

From ill example our worst evils flow,
 Tho' W——— says 'tis right it should be so—
 But what great proof, from W——— can we bring?
 W———'s a man who will say any thing.
 Poets may rail, and grave divines may preach,
 Better than both will sage example teach.
 Can we see grandeur wanton uncontroll'd,
 Yet fondly think, *our* simple wives will hold?
 Can we behold some doIt thrust into life,
 (Whose only merit is an active wife,)
 Great with his Prince, in some auspicious hour,
 By prostitution climb to wealth and pow'r,
 Yet proudly see new honors pouring in,
 And ev'n *endure* a pension for the sin?
 Oh! Juvenal, hadst thou a Briton been,
 And seen the villainies these eyes have seen,

 THE LASH, A SATIRE.

How pure to thee had seem'd Rome's foulest age!

How undeserving thy immortal rage!

Here hadst thou witness'd, shudd'ring at the sight,

Ten thousand thousand vices brought to light,

While thrice that number lay conceal'd in

night;

Seen all things in this mottl'd city sold,

E'en sacred functions truck'd for dirty gold;

Seen statesmen riot at the public cost,

And Princes to all sense of virtue lost;

Seen dukes, and counts, and lords, and squires

unite,

Some to get drunk, and some, (brave souls!) to

fight;

Seen all things shifted from their proper places,

Men measuring race, and women riding races;

THE LASH, A SATIRE.

Seen shallow Generals sacrifice our forces,
And Peers assemble, but to pass divorces ;
Seen a brave people, by harsh laws oppress'd,
Despis'd, insulted, harass'd, and distress'd ;
Seen, what thine heart had trembl'd to behold,
Seen freedom barter'd for a scoundrel's gold !
Seen—but could thy great soul see half our
 crimes,

Couldst thou but cast a glimpse upon our times,
Back to the grave thou wouldst retreat in scorn,
And thank the gods thou wert a Roman born !

Tho' vice at Rome in rank luxuriance grew,
For each example we can furnish two.
Behold his Grace, on life's last hobbling stage,
The spectre grim of infamy and age ;

 THE LASH, A SATIRE.

So foul a sight the tottering carrion shews,
 To pass his Grace I always hold my nose.
 With parts like his, where wealth and pow'r contend,

Need Britain droop, can Britain want a friend?
 In deeds like his since lords and dukes excel,
 Ye gods! how rank nobility can smell!

How do I smile contemptuous to behold,
 A splendid tribe in folly's list enroll'd!
 In ev'ry point such slender worth evince,
 Courtiers that ape the honor of a prince,
 Who, whilst they cling like filth about my pen,
 Yet pass upon the world for gentlemen,
 When 'tis as plain their very pimps can claim
 As fair a title to that generous name;

THE LASH, A SATIRE.

'Mongst honest men would bear as good report,
Had but the lucky curs been bred at court.
The court ! blest place, that name if I profane,
May I ne'er read a birth-day ode again !
Let folly there her numerous sons befriend,
And pride and meanness her light steps attend,
There be the foes profess of worth and sense,
Soft lisp'ing love, and full blown impudence ;
Let smooth-tongue'd flattery o'er each breast
 preside,
And crouch, and fawn to lick the foot of pride !
From seeds like these what prodigies may
 spring,
What honest servants for some future king !
Fir'd at the thought to distant days I see,
And tear the veil from dark futurity,

 THE LASH, A SATIRE.

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In him behold his father's glories shine,

And all the virtues of th' ILLUSTRIOUS LINE!

To gain his love, 'mongst honest peers what
strife,

One yields a daughter, and one lends a wife!

Officious *Castlereagh* and *Canning* run,

To pour sweet incense to the Rising Sun.

Those great state priests, who, like the priests of
yore,

From brazen lungs emit their hollow lore;

THE LASH, A SATIRE.

Save, that our priests, with more abundant love,

Deal oracles from George, instead of Jove !

Such traits as these, the muse reluctant draws,

Of princes careless of her just applause :

With pain she sees proud vice exalt her head,

And deeply muses on the days long fled.

Why dost thou, hist'ry, to our minds impart,

Those scenes of old that captivate the heart ?

When our black Edward in his bright career,

Made Cressy reel with his victorious spear ?

Or when fifth Harry, rising in his might,

Like a young lion rous'd, sprung forth to fight ?

And bade his little daring bands advance

To tear the lilies from the heart of France ?

Whilst his proud foes stood trembling with alarm,

Or shrunk confounded from his lifted arm,

 THE LASH, A SATIRE.

That bore aloft, resplendent on his shield,
 The blushing honors of a well-fought field !
 Ardent for praise, and panting high for fame,
 A British prince was then a glorious name !
 The conscious people his desert approv'd,
 With reverence looking to the man they lov'd ;
 In distant prospect saw *new* virtues spring,
 And hail'd a father in a future king !

But peace to princes, let them safely reign,
 My suff'ring Country asks a harsher strain :
 To folly peace, and let her cap and bells
 Grace the smooth brow of her dear son L——s.

Let grave divinity, secure of heav'n,
 Count o'er his grains, and work *one* day in *Seven* :

 THE LASH, A SATIRE.

Let him in peace, his constant slumbers take,
 Till rous'd by active Methodism he wake;
 Wake like a drunkard, in a harlot's bed,
 To find his money and his mistress fled!
 Let Law distorted, impudent, and bold,
 From sacred justice a due distance hold.
 Should some brave man, whom freedom's form
 delights,
 Stand forth the champion of the people's
 rights;
 Whose honest pen thro' her dark mazes runs,
 Probing the sleeping conscience of her sons;
 Let Law, in form of G—s, his stings dispense,
 And make a libel of plain common sense;
 With thoughts, of self-importance lifted high,
 Triumphant victor o'er a mangled fly!

 THE LASH, A SATIRE.

Let speculation boldly gain her ends,
 Nor justice fear whilst York and she are friends:
 Let York with her maintain a thriving trade,
 And interest be with interest repaid;
 Till the whole Country in one cry unite,
 And curse the day his GENIUS rose to light!

Let baron's fraud a prosp'rous journey run,
 And keep a safe retreat at Kibbington;
 There in a palace its fowl head immerse,
 To cheat its starving creditors secure;
 Till Honor, blushing at the deed, exclaim,
 Till Pow'r turn wrath, and Privilege cry, *shame!*

Let these, and more, to folly, knavery, dear,
 Whom heav'n has plac'd far, far above *my* sphere,

 THE LASH, A SATIRE.

And whom, if heav'n will hear their fervent prayer,
 Having once plac'd, will always keep them there,
 Let these and more, whom I could name with ease,
 Make laws, promote, and swindle whom they
 please.

Such blots, 'tis true, our just contempt excite,
 Nor are for satires graver task too light;
 But when the honest muse averts her eye,
 To scenes of blacker vice and infamy,
 Swift thro' her veins the blood indignant flows,
 Her pale cheek reddens, and her bosom glows;
 Nor lives that pow'r on earth shall dare control
 The generous anger kindling in her soul!

Souls of our fathers, whose illustrious fame
 Survives, the glory of the patriot name,

THE LASH, A SATIRE.

Ye, in whose breasts, if one kind feeling strove
Above the rest, it was your Country's love;
Who joy'd to see her lift her prosp'rous head,
Then only suffering, when your England bled;
How would you stand, with horror and amaze,
Could you behold the patriots of these days!
This puny race, the slaves of low-bred vice,
These patriots only with a girl and dice!
Who fly the labors of a sinking state,
(Their Country trembling on the verge of fate,)
To mix with bullies in a friendly ring,
And learn the noble art of pummelling;
Where oaths and blasphemies assail the ears,
From well-assembled mobs of brutes and peers!
Henceforth our nobles' triumphs we shall see,
Full well emblazon'd by their company,

 THE LASH, A SATIRE.

Whose deeds new work for heraldry affords,
 —Two bloody bruizers in a—Field of Lords!

Shame, shame on those who such lowarts pursue,
 Yet shun th' assistance to their Country due!
 Who, while stern fates and threat'ning foes oppress,
 Pleads like an aged parent in distress;
 Oh! that her children, warm'd with generous
 fires,

Would emulate the actions of their sires,
 And sacrifice to virtue with that gust
 They now stoop down to luxury and lust!
 Then, might we triumph in a growing fame,
 And proudly to the wond'ring world explain,
 With rival realms repining at our state,
 —“ We still are Britons and we will be great!”

 THE LASH, A SATIRE.

But where is Britain now?—is this the clime
 That bore such honest men in ancient time?
 Where foul corruption like a torrent runs!
 —Britain's our mother—but are we her sons?
 Ah! heed not those who on distress can thrive,
 And struggle hard to keep our pangs alive;
 With silken smiles and plausible tongues who tell,
 —Because *they* thrive—that *England* too is well.
 Curse on the monster wealth, that proudly sees
 Our virtues slacken, and our crimes increase!
 What hellish magic centers in the name,
 That men should sacrifice an honest fame,
 To see their deeds with infamy enroll'd,
 And pawn their Country for the sake of gold?
 Who could believe that Rome's illustrious race
 Was sunk so deep in vice, so lost to grace,

THE LASH, A SATIRE.

To cherish wretches, that, with lawless sway,
Plunder'd the people, yet receiv'd their pay?
Who could believe that her imperial state,
Renown'd for wisdom, and rever'd as great,
Should let such filching knaves escape the laws,
From justice shield, and crown them with applause!
Did not example, in these precious times,
Give daily proof of men, so vers'd in crimes,
To Roman arts and villainies so prone;
They dignify Rome's vices by their own!

With arts like these,—hold muse, thy rage re-
strain,

Nor let their names thy honest page profane.
Ev'n *He*, thro' age now verging to decay,
Matur'd in fraud, and infamously grey!

 THE LASH; A SATIRE.

That Saint in speech, but villain at the core,
 As many an upstart wretch has been before,
 Like them on vice relying for support,
 Like them too, finding her caress'd at court,
 His pilfering crimes we justly damn to fame,
 But thro' mere detestation sink the name?
 Yet thanks to nature, who, in these strange days,
 Her shoals of villains with regret surveys,
 And glad to shew indulgence where she can,
 Still sprinkles here and there an *honest* man.
 Accuse not her of one unjust decree,
 'Tis the jilt, *fortune*, is in fault, not *she*,
 She knows, when listed in their Country's cause,
 How many scoundrels one true Patriot awes;
 For twenty C——s, she by chance lets fall,
 She gives one Wardle who outweighs them all.

 THE LASH, A SATIRE.

Why made she Moira, whom all hearts adore?

—She made so many ~~J~~—s before;

That gallant man, who scorns to bow a slave,

So long as Britain has ~~one~~ right to save;

Ordain'd the blessing of a future reign,

If ever Britain shall be blest again.

Now could I soften down my rugged lays,

And change my notes of scorn to notes of praise;

With Moira's virtues these blunt lines infuse,

Could I command the panegyric muse,

Honour and Worth with pure delight should stand,

And guide the faithful pencil in my hand;

Fair Freedom, proud to see their labors grow,

Breathe o'er the whole a patriotic glow,

Time, passing onward, point the form to view,

And Flattery—blush to find the picture true!

THE LASH, A SATIRE.

Oh wert thou plac'd o'er Erin's hardy sons,
To stem the tide where disaffection runs ;
Her suffering sons, with cruel stripes made sore,
—A hard-us'd nation, ever brave and poor !
Thy just decrees should break oppression's rod,
And cleanse the bloody marks where C——n trod :
No dark intriguing statesman left to dread,
Erin at length might lift her drooping head ;
Might look disdainful on each tyrant plan,
Rais'd by the wisdom of one virtuous man.
Where is St. Vincent, too, that honest tar,
Who purchas'd glory in the wat'ry war ?
Who fought his Country's battles on the main,
Came home, and nobly brav'd her foes again ;
To foul corruption's dark retreats made way,
And dragg'd the teeming monster into day ?

THE LASH, A SATIRE.

With grief he saw his just endeavours fail,
For how could *one* against a *host* prevail?
Some future day his patriot toil may bless,
And crown his arduous labours with success;
Some *future* day,—for tho' with age o'er
spread,

The snow of years has settled on his head;
To him his Country turns a wistful eye,
Old as he is, St. Vincent must not die,
Till with as brave a heart, and stedfast mind,
He leaves one honest as himself behind.

With men like these to purge our sickly state,
Shall not corruption tremble at her fate?
And tyranny of half its force be left,
A Wardle, Whitbread, and a Folkstone left?

 THE LASH, A SATIRE.

It shall.—Tho' satire edge the poet's lays,
 Should Candor point some object worthy praise,
 Base is the heart, and tuneless be the tongue,
 That hears her voice, yet leaves such worth unsung.

If talents eminent, with manly sense,
 If private virtue boast the least pretence
 To just esteem;—if honor fire the blood,
 And make *one* feel, as *every* Briton shou'd;
 If spotless character respect acquire,
 Which e'en his *proudest* enemies admire;
 If public favor by good actions got,
 Which Horne *would* live to see, and Paul *would*
not;

If with a brave contempt for sordid pelf,
 Where love of virtue tops the love of self;

The love of *Britain*, rising over all ;
If these can *singly* for our hearts contend,
And make us sigh, “ were such a man our friend !”

That flame from which the sons of darkness run,
As owls, made dizzy by the mid-day sun :

THE LASH, A SATIRE.

That flame, whose brightness and whose warmth

confest,

He that shall feel, will *cherish* in his breast,

And ardent grown his Country's rights to save,

Rise up a Briton who sat down a slave !

That flame, which burning for some public

end,

Shews what our Fathers left us to defend,

O'er the last wreck of freedom sheds its ray,

And shews the knaves who filch the gem away !

Nay, let the slavish tools of pow'r declare,

Or on their souls (already forfeit,) swear,

That all their shallow masters say, is reason,

And all who differ, stand convict of treason ;

That Rights and Liberties are dangerous things,

And ev'ry honest man's a foe to kings ;

 THE LASH, A SATIRE.

That Burdett's heart is trait'rous, and all those
 Who think like Burdett, must be England's foes;
 What man so senseless will this point contest?
 —Let those who differ, prove they love her best,
 Let them assert, (since merit stands disgrac'd,
 And grinning folly in her seat is plac'd;)
 It is not right, that virtue should excel,
 And *Princely Patronage* may do as well;
 That slav'ry's self, imbib'd by bit and bit,
 At length may prove a most delicious sweet,
 That such brave schemes with sure success are
 try'd,
 Since Constitution grew heartsick and dy'd.
 —'Tis false —rank false! —ye base insidious
 crew,
 —Ye hireling scribblers of ungodly hue,

 THE LASH, A SATIRE.

Tho' scores for prostituted bread may cry,
 Tho' By—ne himself, may perish for a lie,
 From whose pert quill our daily insults fall,
 Senseless and foul as B—d—n's weekly scrawl;
 That literary quack so debonnaire,
 Born of the Lord knows whom,—the Lord knows
 where ;
 (Save that his *Patriot* has proclaim'd him
 sprung
 From some proud *Phoenix* ashes,—or its dung !
 Perchance some mongrel union gave him life,
 Some printer's devil on some newsman's wife !)
 Ready he stands, fair virtue to attack,
 Of all his crew the veriest hackney'd hack ;
 By *his* foul pen our heroes' fame must smart,
 —Nay such the baseness of his vip'rous heart ;

And let not Pow'r, unaw'd by conscious fear,
Speak of the *People* with a graceless sneer ;
Twas first from them the mighty blessing came,
Then let the People boast a mighty name ;
Yes, they *shall* boast, their names exalted stand,
A proud example to the sinking land ;

THE LASH, A SATIRE.

Those freeborn names, that, in the trying hour,
Dar'd stem the tide of ministerial pow'r;
That dar'd the force of bribery defy,
Stand firm, and give her sickly form the lie,
When with her friends she made a courtly stir,
And set out canvassing for Wesminster :
Those trusty friends, who have her creed by rote,
Place, Pension, Influence—names of sounding note.
Beneath her arm a huge red book was plac'd,
—The Treas'ry keys hung jingling at her waist,
Grave *Influence* stood attentive to their chime,
To which the nimble feet of *Place* kept time;
Whilst *Pension*, big with emptiness and pride,
Like a Scotch judge, stood *booing* by her side!
Thrice happy family, of boundless sway,
Yet most unhappy on that signal day,

THE LASH, A SATIRE.

When from the hustings in disgrace ye came,
Struck with confusion at a Burdett's name;
Burning with rage, ye saw your foes prevail,
And ran to Bruton-street to tell the tale!
Oh! how it warms my bosom to reflect
On all the honors, all the high respect,
His grateful Country in devotion paid,
When fir'd by love, his triumph she display'd,
And ev'ry breast with freedom beating strong,
Hail'd her firm champion 'midst th' admiring
 throng!
How joy'd my muse, and what she felt she
 sings,
When by a set of mercenary things
First thro' the court the hated news was told,
Of freedom's victory o'er corruption's gold;

 THE LASH, A SATIRE.

When malice, urg'd by envy and by spleen,
 Whisper'd the tidings to our godlike Q——
 What chagrin, then, thro' ev'ry face was spread,
 How Brib'ry, sneaking, strove to hide his head !
 The modest C——h was struck with fright,
 Nor for his soul could C——g sleep that night ;
 Ev'n honest M——le, trembling for his trade,
 Turning tow'rds Tweed, lift up his eyne and pray'd !
 Would it not turn indignant manhood pale,
 To see such knavery in his days prevail ?
 The blood recoiling from his veins depart,
 And seek the close recesses of his heart,
 To see such deeds by titl'd villains done ?
 And worse,—ev'n practis'd by a ——'s son !
 Oh ! death to think, that, lost to common sense,
 Without one single virtuous pretence,

THE LASH, A SATIRE.

The proudest names should blush not to be
told,

They herd with robbers of the public gold !

And canst thou hope, a wretch so base as thee,
Should 'scape the brand of public infamy ?

Thy Country's plund'rer, one that little heeds

How long she suffers, and how much she bleeds ?

Tho' thy big brother shake the fateful dice,

And stand the very finger-post of vice,

That virtuous men, so well his conduct's known,

Must spurn *his* character, or blast their own ;

The Prince of Prodigals, he owns the name,

Is what he seems, and glories in the shame !

Whilst thou, a traitor to thy Country's trust,

Would'st have that Country deem thee good and
just !

THE LASH, A SATIRE.

Think'st thou the Muse's daring search to bar,
Aw'd into silence by a paltry star?
(That star, which, bright as Hesper should appear,
Yet only *glimmers* in its murky sphere.)
O let her sink, o'ercome by shame to rest,
Or pluck the sullied bauble from thy breast.
Yes, were she sure to perish in the cause,
She'd brand the villain that escapes the laws,
Loud to the world his infamies proclaim,
Tear off his mask, and triumph in his shame!
Ne'er be it said by bards in after days,
When princes spurn'd the road to glorious praise,
Their hearts insensible, bedipt in crimes,
A foul example to the worst of times,
That, 'midst the dimness of a laggard age,
When state chican'ry, leagu'd with party rage,

THE LASH, A SATIRE.

When titled jugglers robb'd in open day,
And those who had least conscience got most
pay ;
Ne'er be it said, in such degenerate times,
Shame to the Muse ! when Britain groan'd with
crimes,
No Poet liv'd to tell his Country's wrong,
And weave her vengeance in an angry song !
'Tis time when men, with daring fronts, aspire
T' enslave a land, to rouse the Muse's ire ;
When British Rights and Liberties are sold,
(A deed that heav'n turns wrathful to behold,)
The Senate throng'd with men corrupt and weak,
'Tis time that every honest man should speak ;
Time the bold Satyrist grasp'd the chast'ning rod,
Fill'd with the glowing spirit of a God !

 THE LASH, A SATIRE.

But what can verse with our flagitious crimes?
 Who ever knew a *poet* mend the times?
 Shall giant pow'r to moral truths give ear,
 Unbend his brow, and break his beamy spear?
 Pursue the *right* path, and forsake the *wrong*,
 Sooth'd into reason by a Minstrel's song?
 What!—shall a Prince, reproach to common sense,
 Who pledges *Princely Honor* in defence,
 (Forgive me, Prudence, if in reason's spite,
 I drop my pen awhile to laugh outright,)
 A Prince that finds it difficult to shine
 In any sphere—above th' ILLUSTRIOUS LINE;
 Whom nature, laying wit and genius by,
 Made in a wanton fit,—she knew not why,
 But finding no great use for such a thing,
 Threw it aside—scarce fit to make a king!

 THE LASH, A SATIRE.

Shall such, whom *ordinary* fools despise,
 Learn of a Satyrist to be good and wise?
 Shall Mammon's sons take conscience for a rule,
 Taught by a Bard, whom proemen hold a Fool?

Shame to the man that meanly can refuse
 The noblest triumph of th' indignant Muse!
 She, leagu'd with conscience, bids the guilty
 start,

And speeds a passage to the dullest heart;
 Her weakest shaft may gall the blackest knave,
 Till virtue heal the wound that satire gave:
 Her sacred truths can every thought control,
 And strike with terror e'en a M——'s soul;
 On titled culprits can just censure wreak,
 —She thinks with freedom, and will freely speak.

 THE LASH, A SATIRE.

No tyrant vigor can her bosom awe,
 Not Wyndham's vigor, tho' *beyond the Law*;
 In deeds like these the Poets worth's display'd,
 The glorious priv'lege of his ragged trade;
 This stamps a value on the nervous line,
 Freedom's proud boast,—Oh! be her triumphs
 mine!

Where art thou, Goddess? to what land art fled?
 Where, lov'd of Heav'n, hid'st thy radiant head?
 To sultry climes dost thou an exile go,
 To guide the arrow from the Indian's bow?
 Canst thou with him in green Savannahs dwell,
 And leave thy Children, once belov'd so well?

The days have been, with bright benignant smile,
 Thy form, delighted, harbour'd in our Isle

THE LASH, A SATIRE.

On Health's gay wings in buxom humour flew,
Thy breath impregning ev'ry gale that blew:
A verdant mount thy altar, void of art,
Thy purest off'ring the bold Briton's heart.
Then, had some foreign foe declar'd his hate,
Or homebred Despot murmur'd at thy state,
Our Island-lion in an instant rose,
Shook his broad mane and terrify'd his foes.
Freedom his guard, and honesty his store,
Those were the Briton's happy days,—when poor:
Till wealth, increasing, pour'd her baneful tide,
And with that baneful wealth, increas'd his pride:
Then curst refinement, scourge of foreign climes,
First made him grow familiar with his crimes;
His Country sunk, oppress'd with pride and state,
And daily dwindl'd as she grew more great.

 THE LASH, A SATIRE.

'Twas then fair Freedom, sick'ning at the sight,
 Her drooping pinions plum'd, prepar'd for flight:
 Pensive she fled, with sad, reluctant will,
 And still she linger'd,—for she lov'd him still!

Farewell blest Pow'r, that, *rightly* understood,
 Could make us all that's great, and all that's good.
 Farewell the spirit that disdain'd command,
 And rais'd the noblest bulwark of the land:
 When the old Patriot-warrior told, with joy,
 The glorious deed to his Baronial boy,
 Bade him despise the dastard name of Slave,
 And keep the blessing spotless as he gave:
 Till the stern Stripling, fir'd with Freedom's
 charms,
 Bursting impatient from his Parent's arms,

 THE LASH, A SATIRE.

Sought the big Faulchion on the trophy'd Wall,
 And panting seiz'd, and dragg'd it thro' the
 Hall;

Knelt, like a Martyr, at his father's knee,
 And, lisping, swore to die, or keep it free!

How alter'd *now*, the tide of honor runs,
 Our Nobles' children, base as lowborn sons,
 Grav'd on their arms the deeds of Heroes bear,
 Too mean to win,—but mean enough to wear!

How chang'd the State, that, once made firm
 and sure,

Our wise undaunted ancestors kept pure!
 Tarnish'd its glory, and the name of Just,
 Soil'd, like a marble Statue, in the dust!

THE LASH, A SATIRE.

And *shall* the honor of the land be sold,
To fill the coffers of her knaves with gold?
Have we, sad thought! lost *all* our ancient pride?
Cast Independence, Virtue, Worth, aside,
That we can view such deeds with unconcern?
—Is Freedom banish'd *never* to return?
Are we prepar'd to bend the supple knee,
Bid welcome, and shake hands with slavery?
To bend the knee, and tremble at a nod,
We that once bent to none, beside our God!
Shall a Cabal, by long-past blunders known,
Who blunder still, and still go blund'ring on,
Their hearts against an injur'd people steel,
Whom common sense ne'er knew, nor ever will;
Whose follies in a right succession flow,
Not Fools by chance, *legitimately* so—

 THE LASH, A SATIRE.

Shall these on ev'ry lagging priv'lege tread,
 With P——l the pliant at their head?
 Forbid it, heav'n! (or should this be decreed,
 Why did our Hampdens and our Sydneys bleed?)
 Nor leave her to the mercy of those gay
 Insipid things, that bask in Fortune's ray,
 Whose very names my indignation whets,
 Those ——'s, C——'s, G——n's, and ~~Somers~~ *St's*:
 Mere state-machines, by their court-faces known,
 With brains of lead, and hearts of *Portland*
 stone,
 Who in each act their own base ends contrive,
 Change with the times, and in each change *will*
 thrive;
 Like buzzing insects imp the courtly wing,
 And flutter in the shadow of a king!

THE LASH, A SATIRE.

Great God! is honesty quite out of date?
Or are there patents for these tools of state?
That whilst corruption overwhelms the land,
This filth forsooth must lend a helping hand!

But, thanks to heav'n, we are not yet so base,
To hug our chains and relish the disgrace;
Nor kiss the bitter scourge that sheds our blood,
Nor say 'tis just,—and God forbid we shou'd!
Tho' loads oppressive gall the Briton's back,
Till the heart pants, the very sinews crack;
Tho' pale his count'nance, and deject his mien,
Still there's a high-born spirit glows within.
The day shall come, when, struggling to be
free,

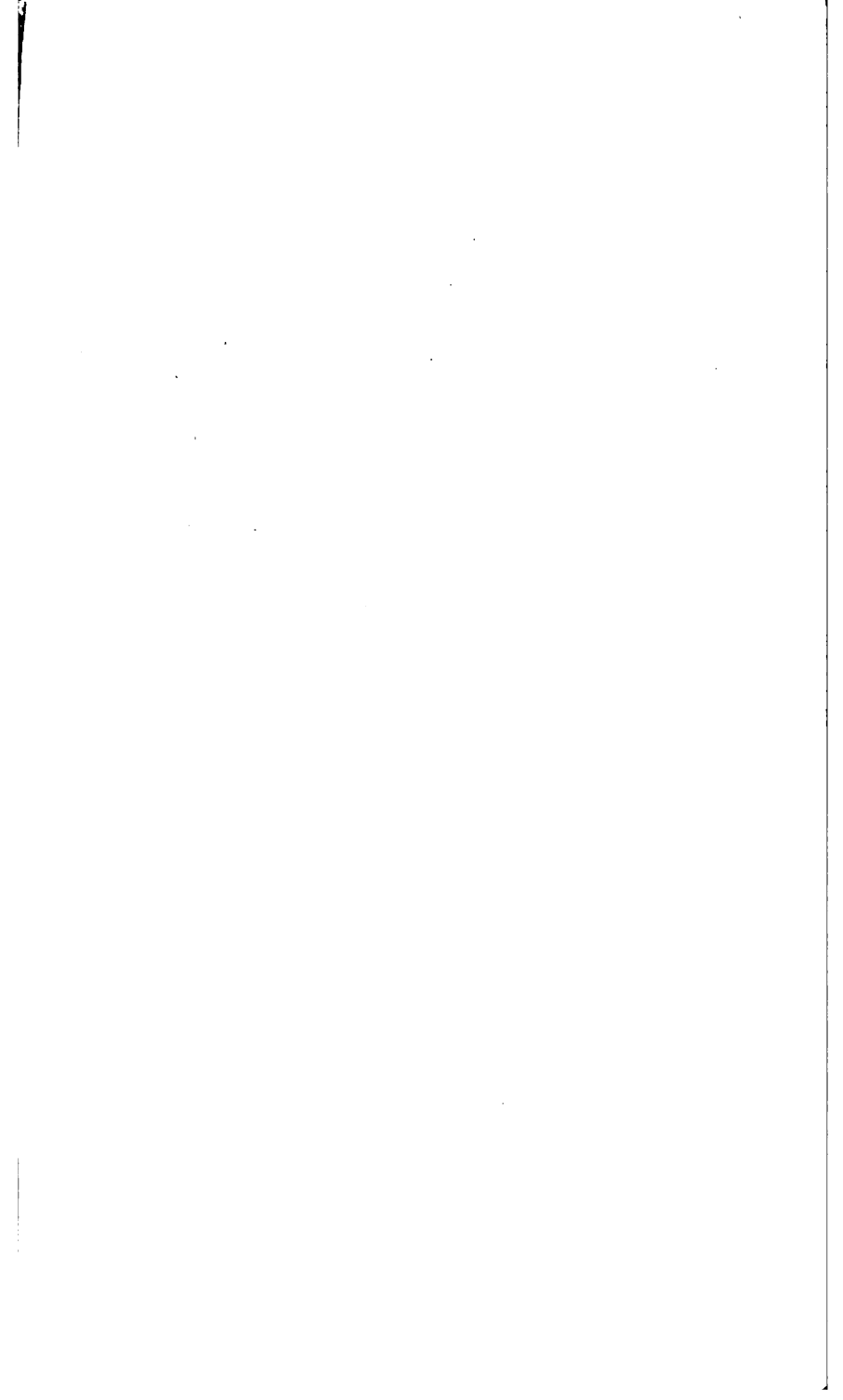
He snaps the manacles of Slavery;

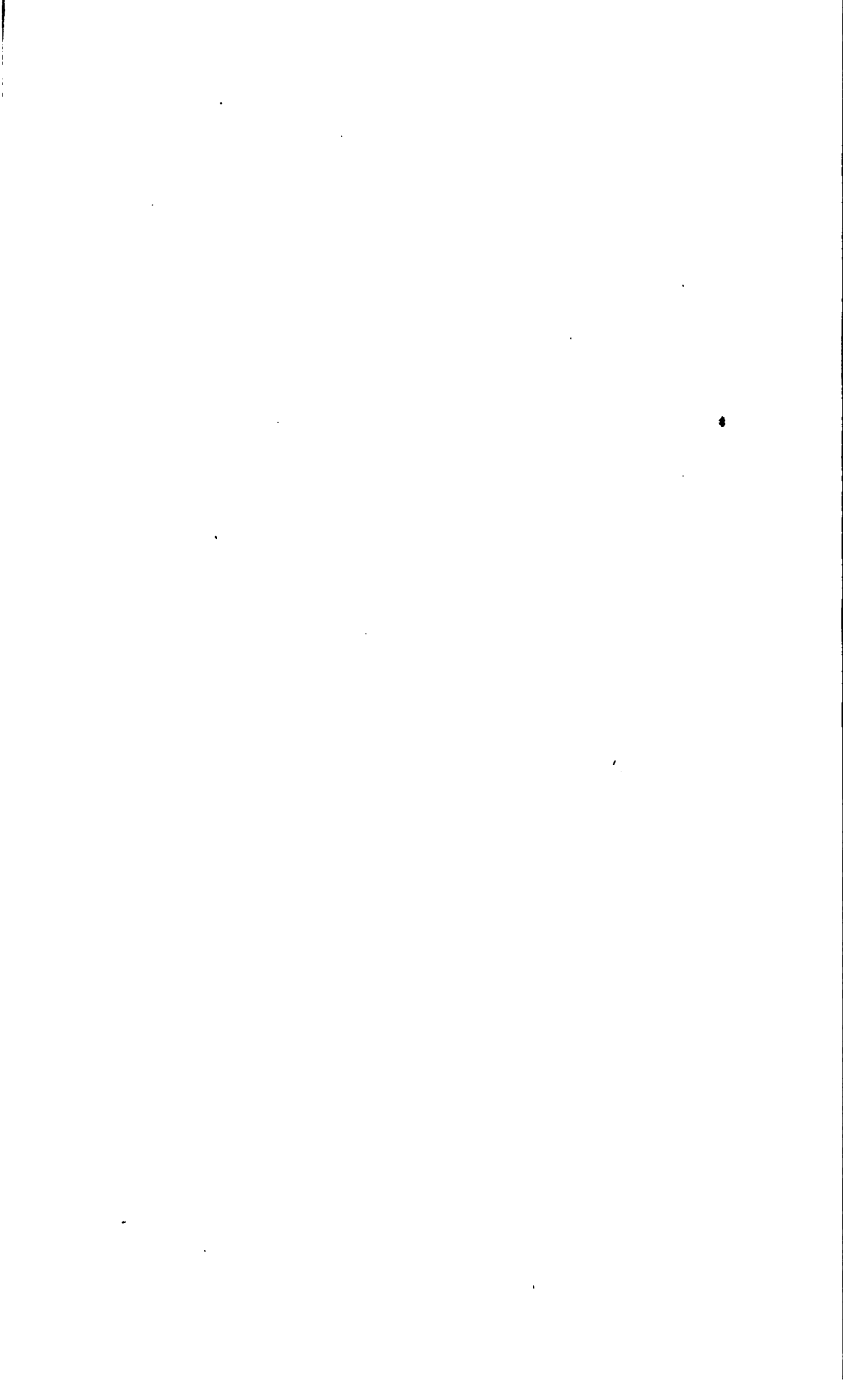
 THE LASH, A SATIRE.

That spirit shall befriend his virtuous cause,
 The bold asserter of his rights and laws.
 Then foul Oppression in the dust shall lie,
 Gnashing his teeth, and writh'd with agony;
 Fresh thro' our veins the mantling blood shall
 flow;
 —Freedom shall rise, and Tyranny shall bow;
 Heav'n will not then a tame spectator stand,
 But shail with fear the Gully of the land,
 The day shall come, — Misce leave the rest to fate,
 —We still are Britons, and we will be great!

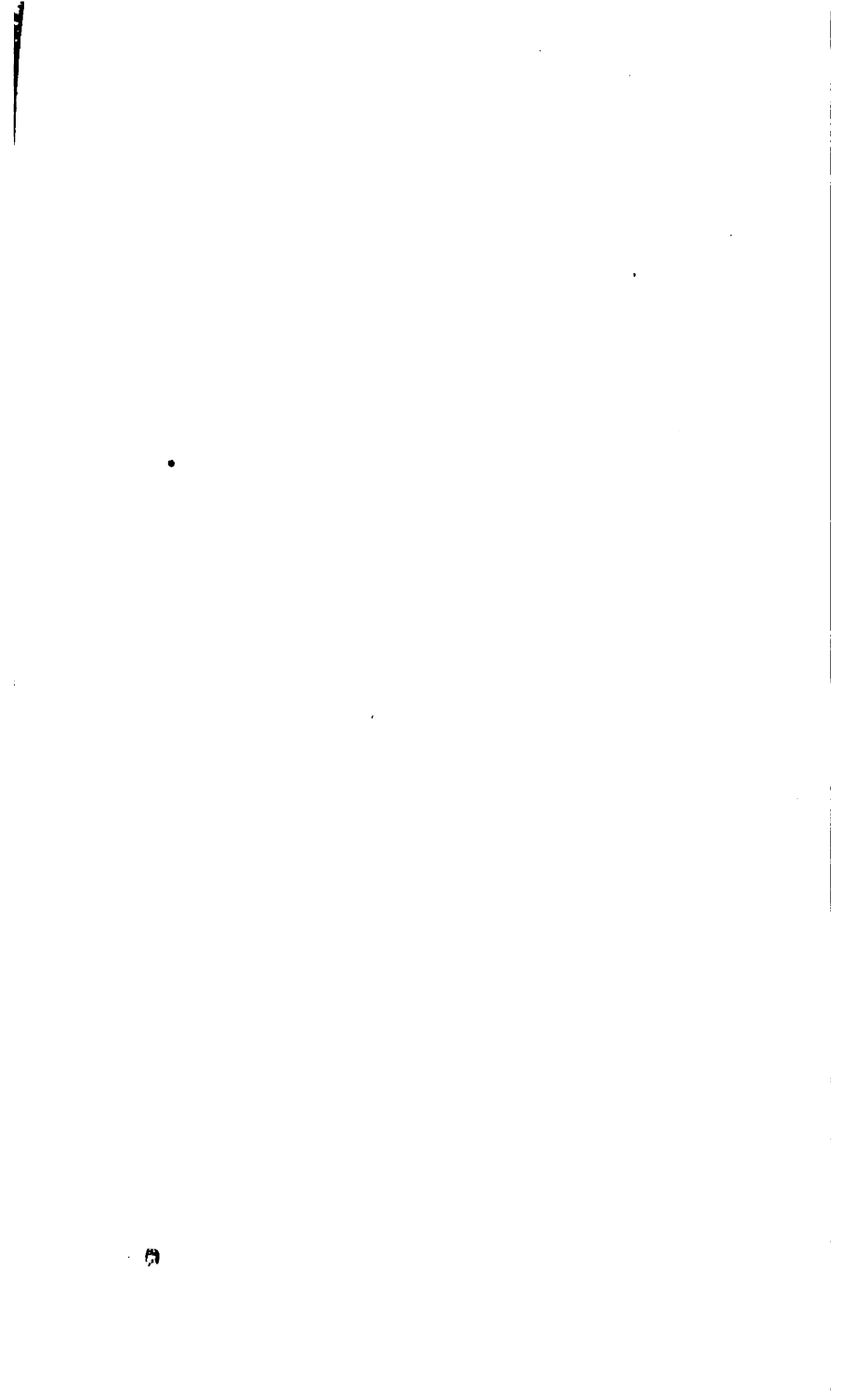
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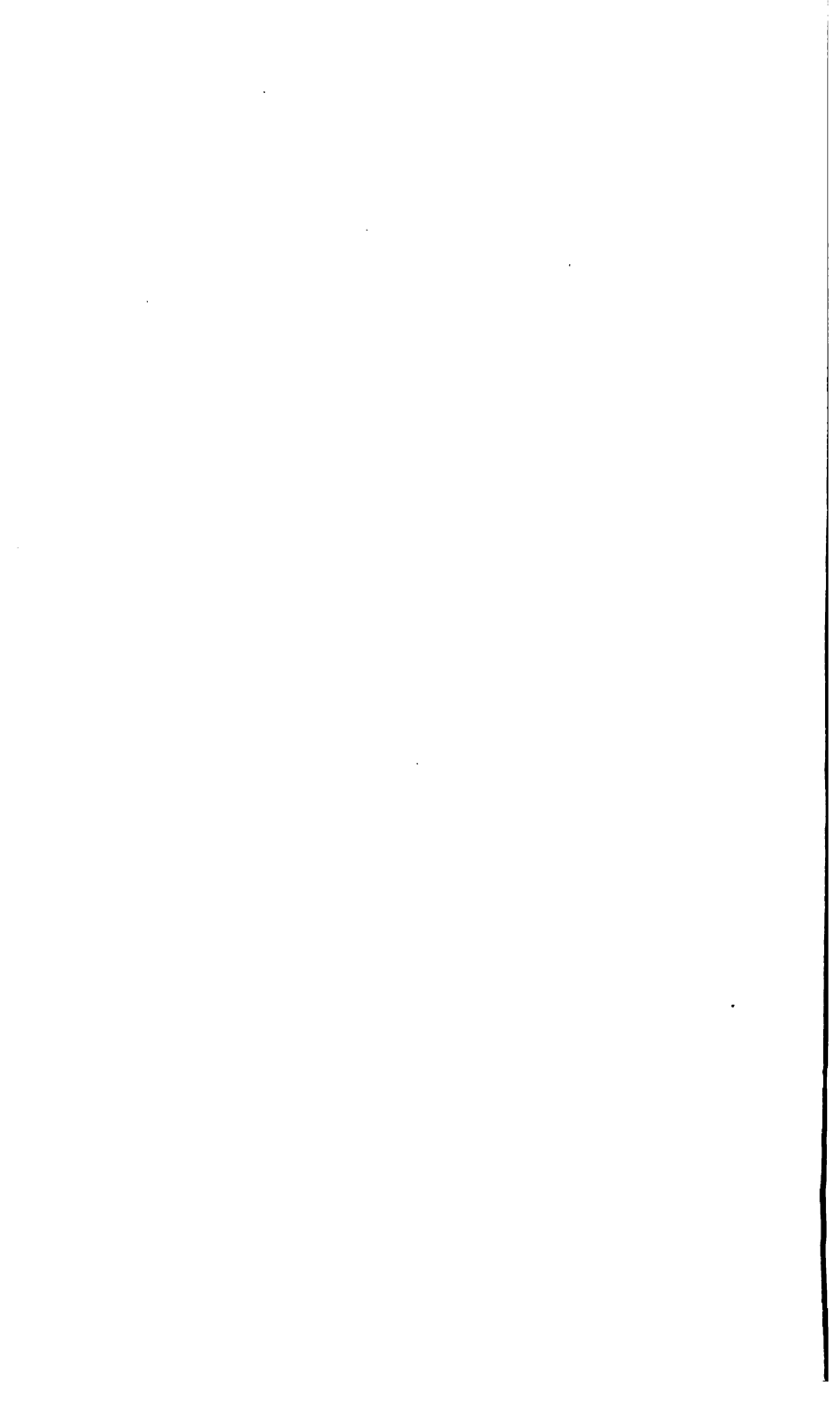




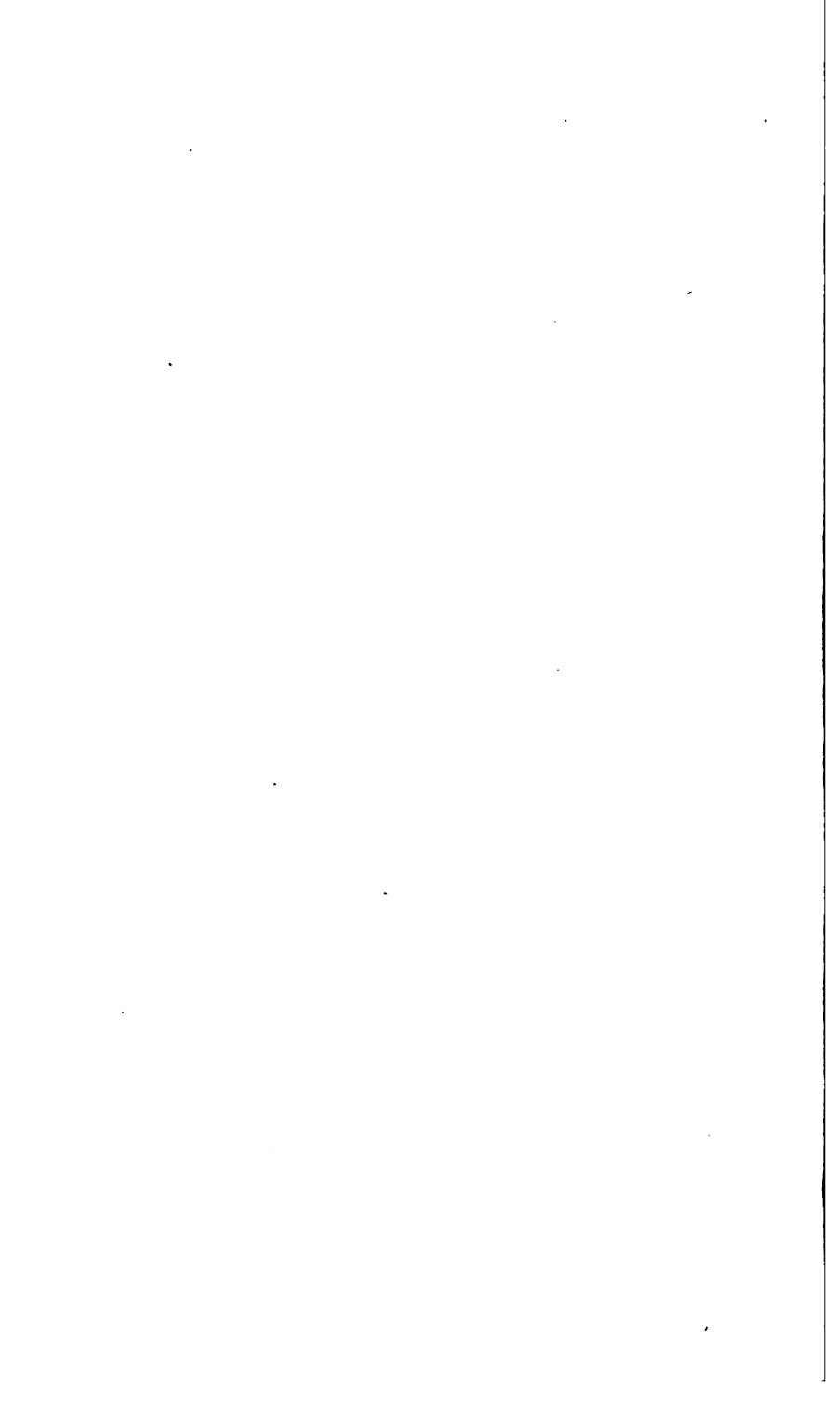


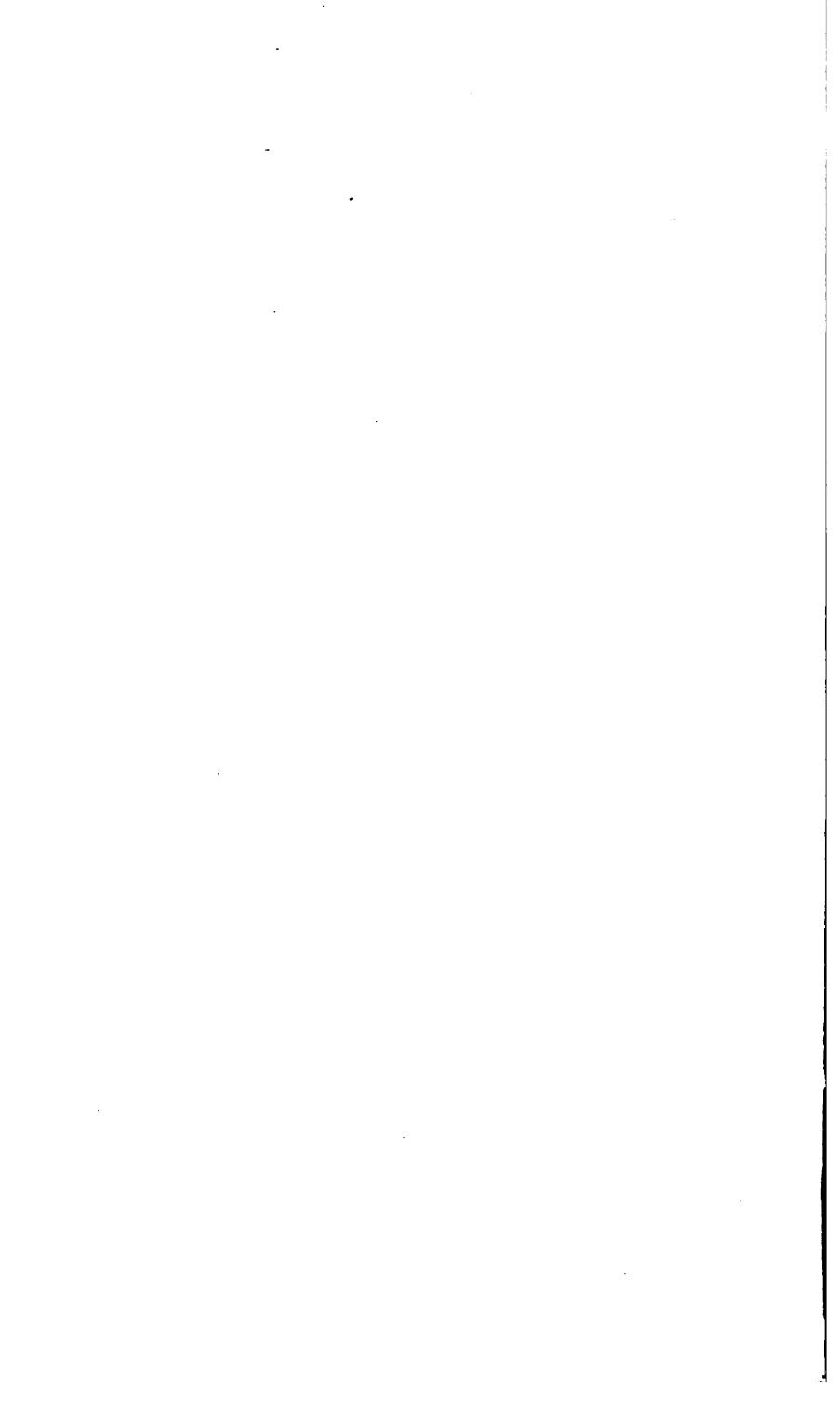


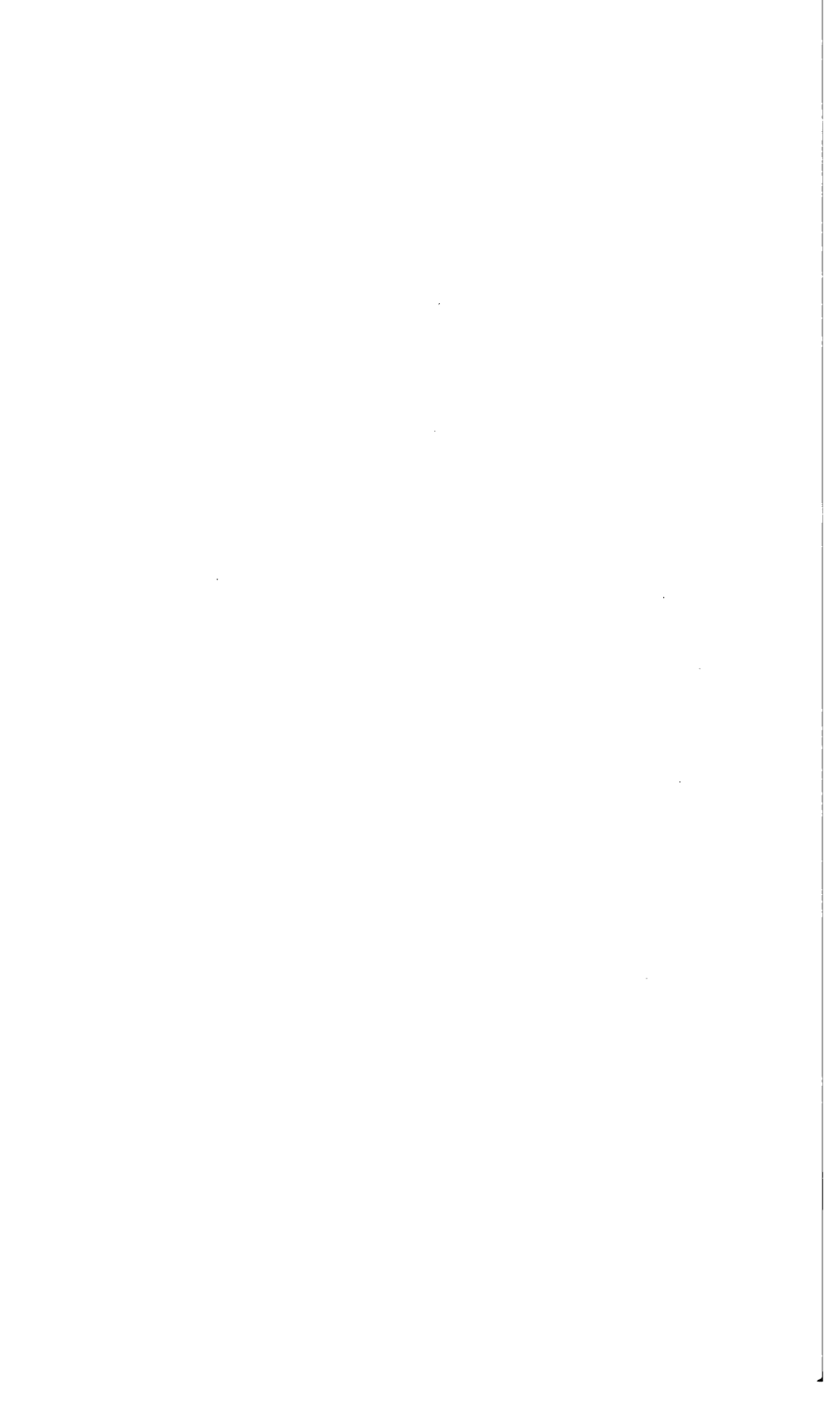


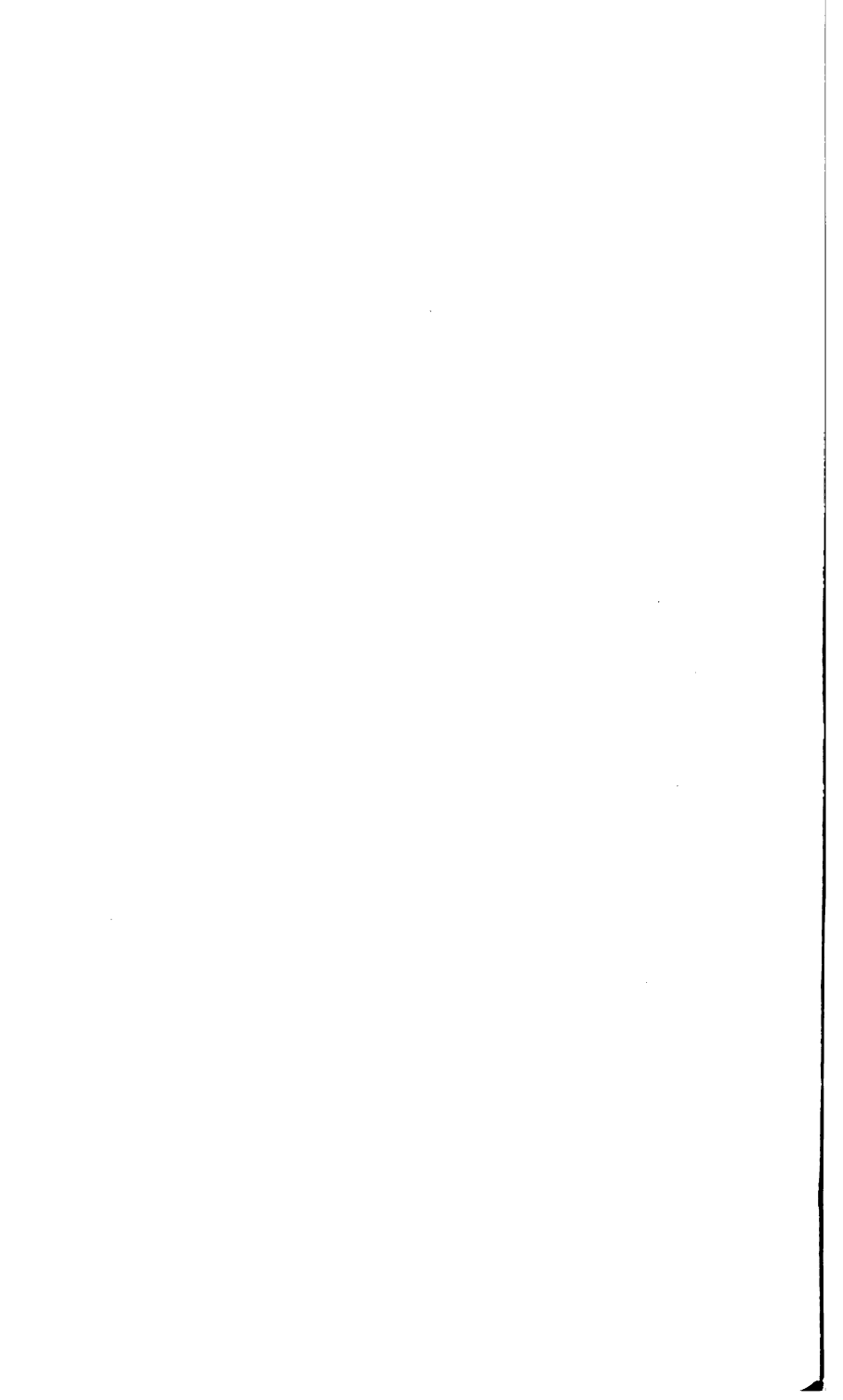




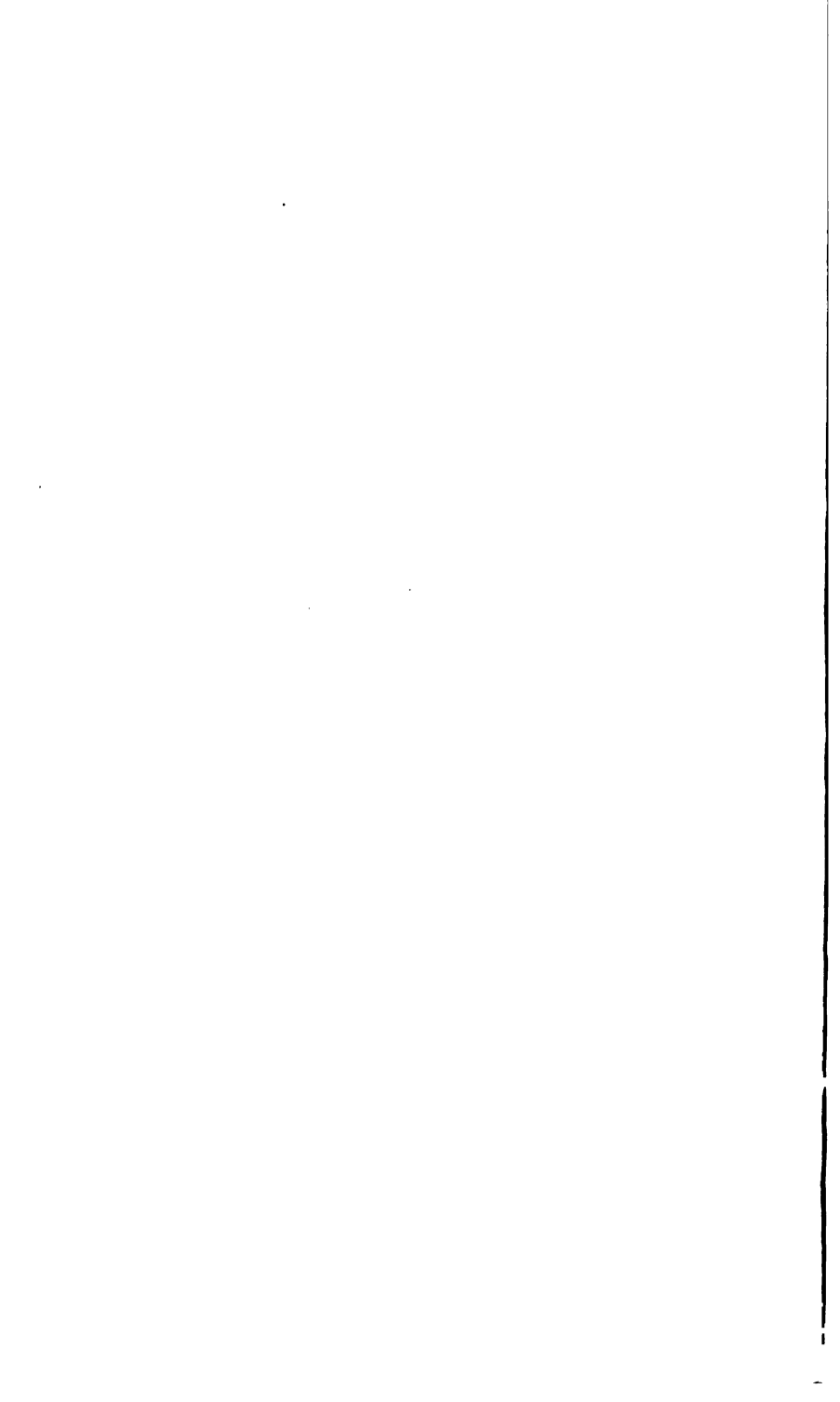


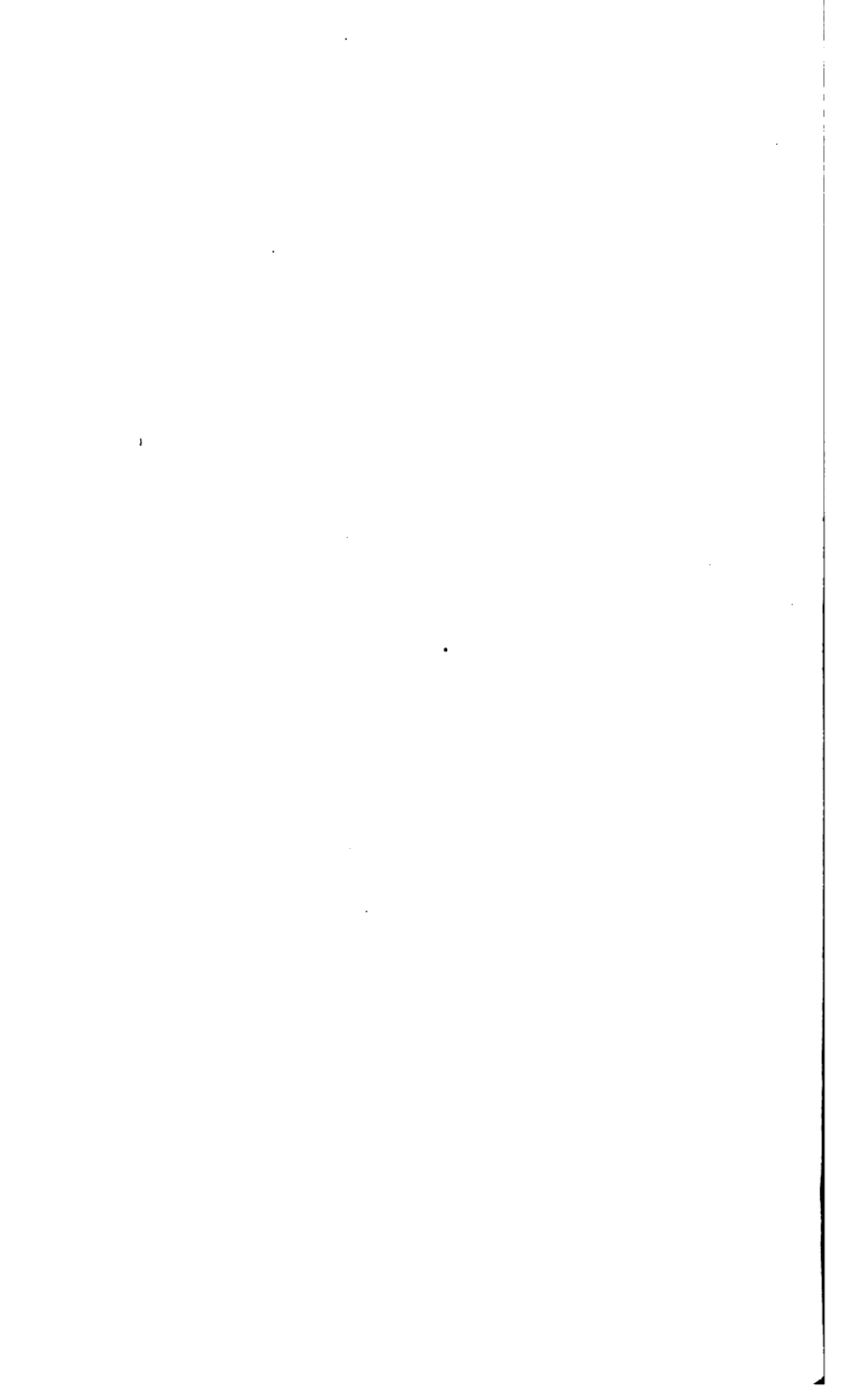


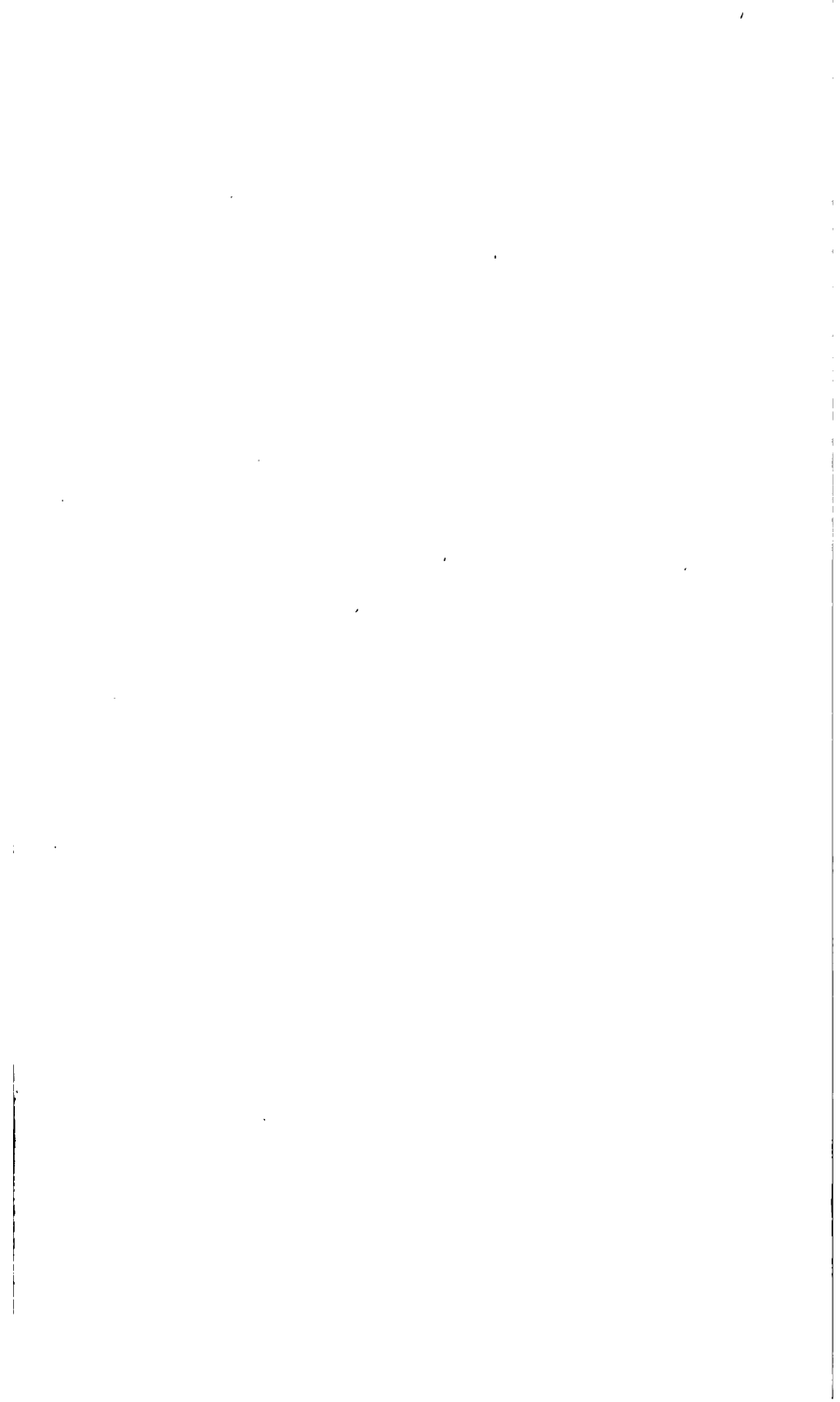


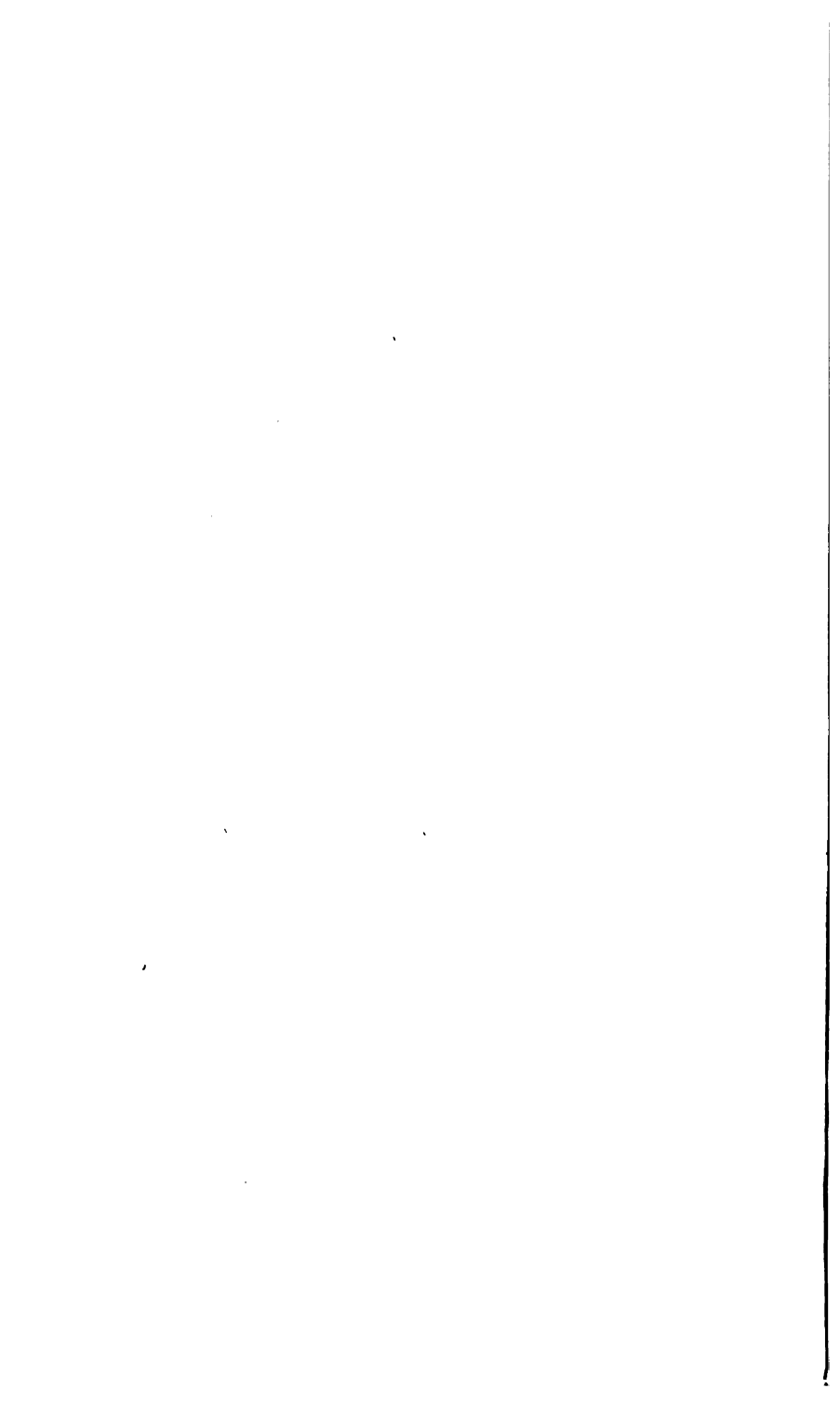


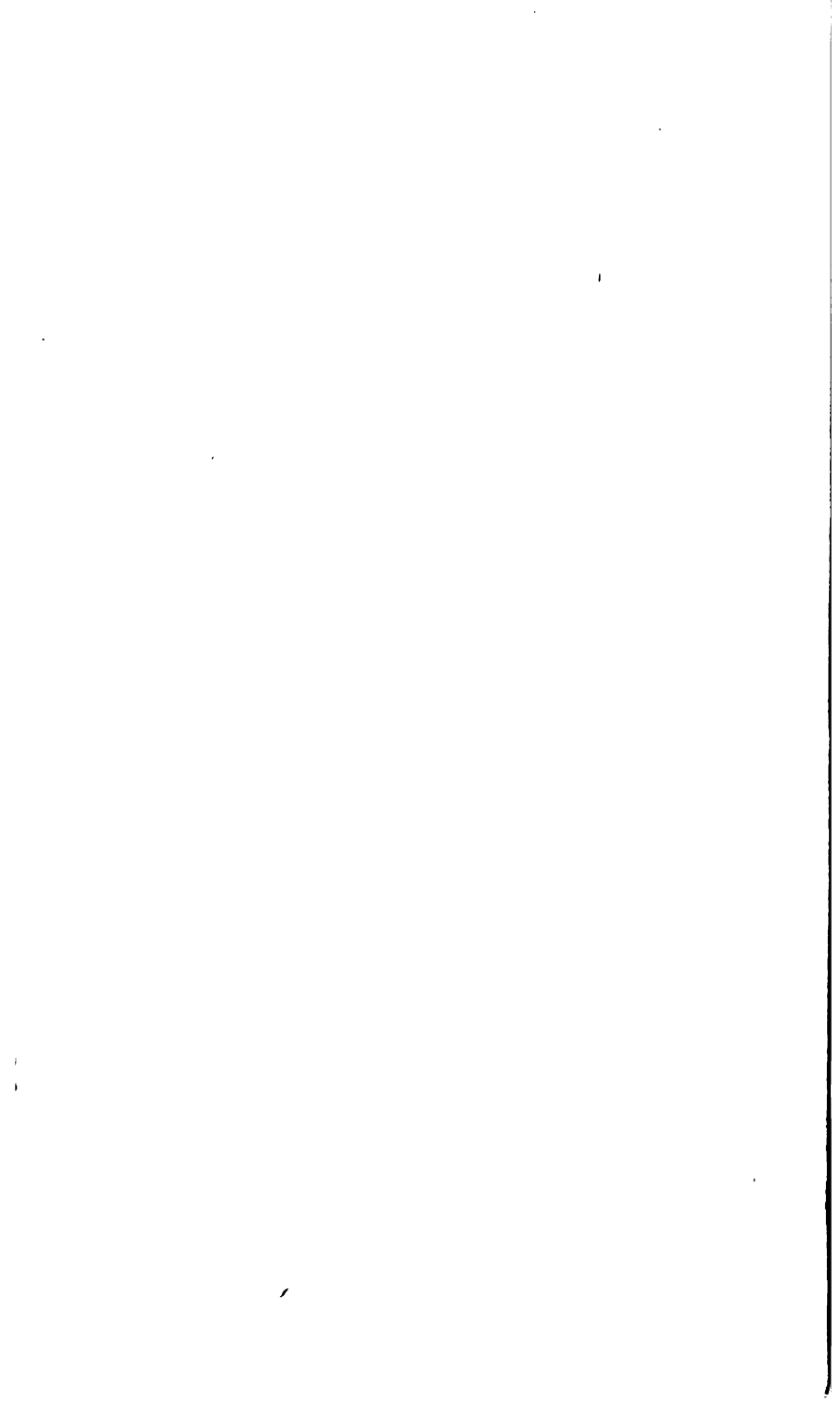




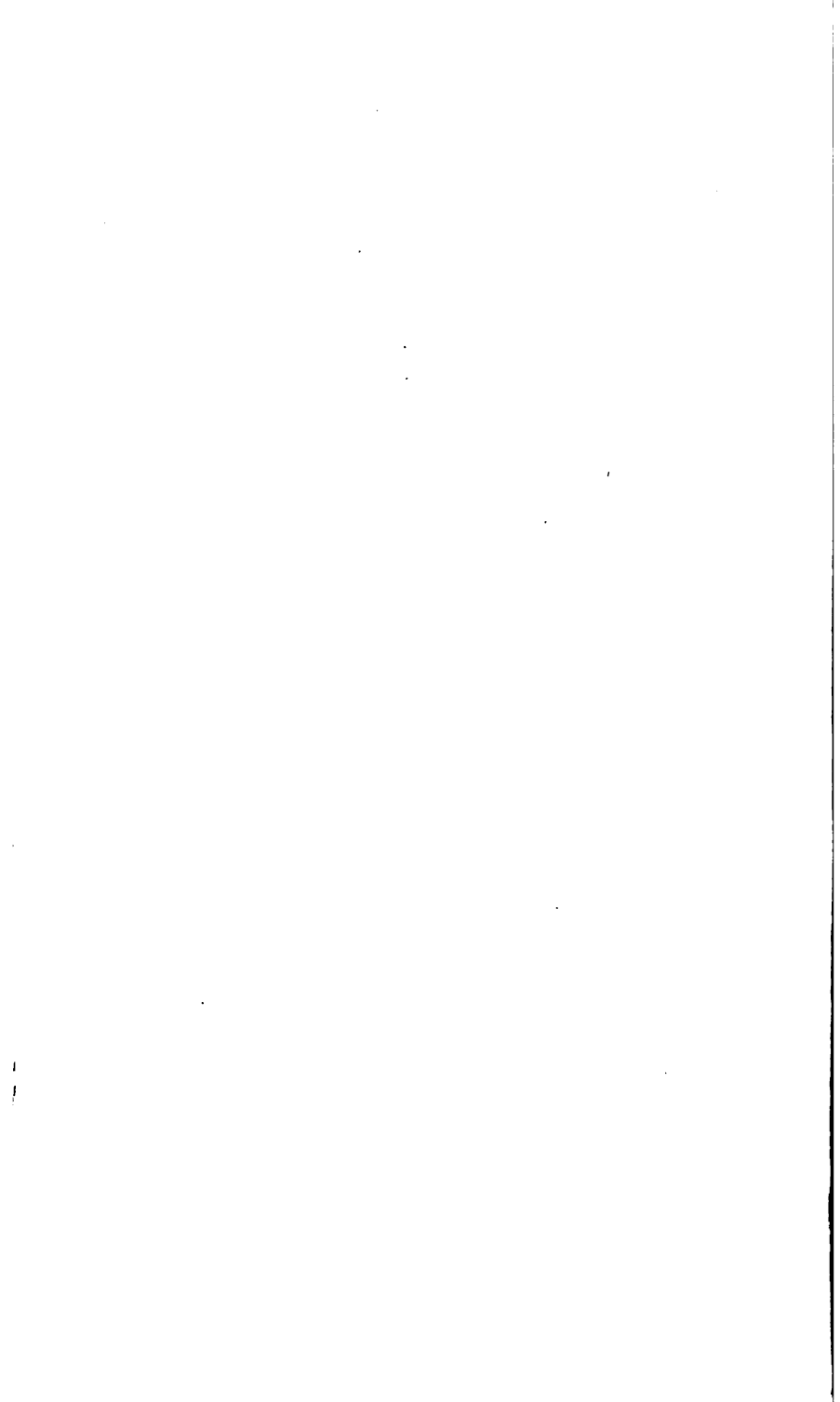


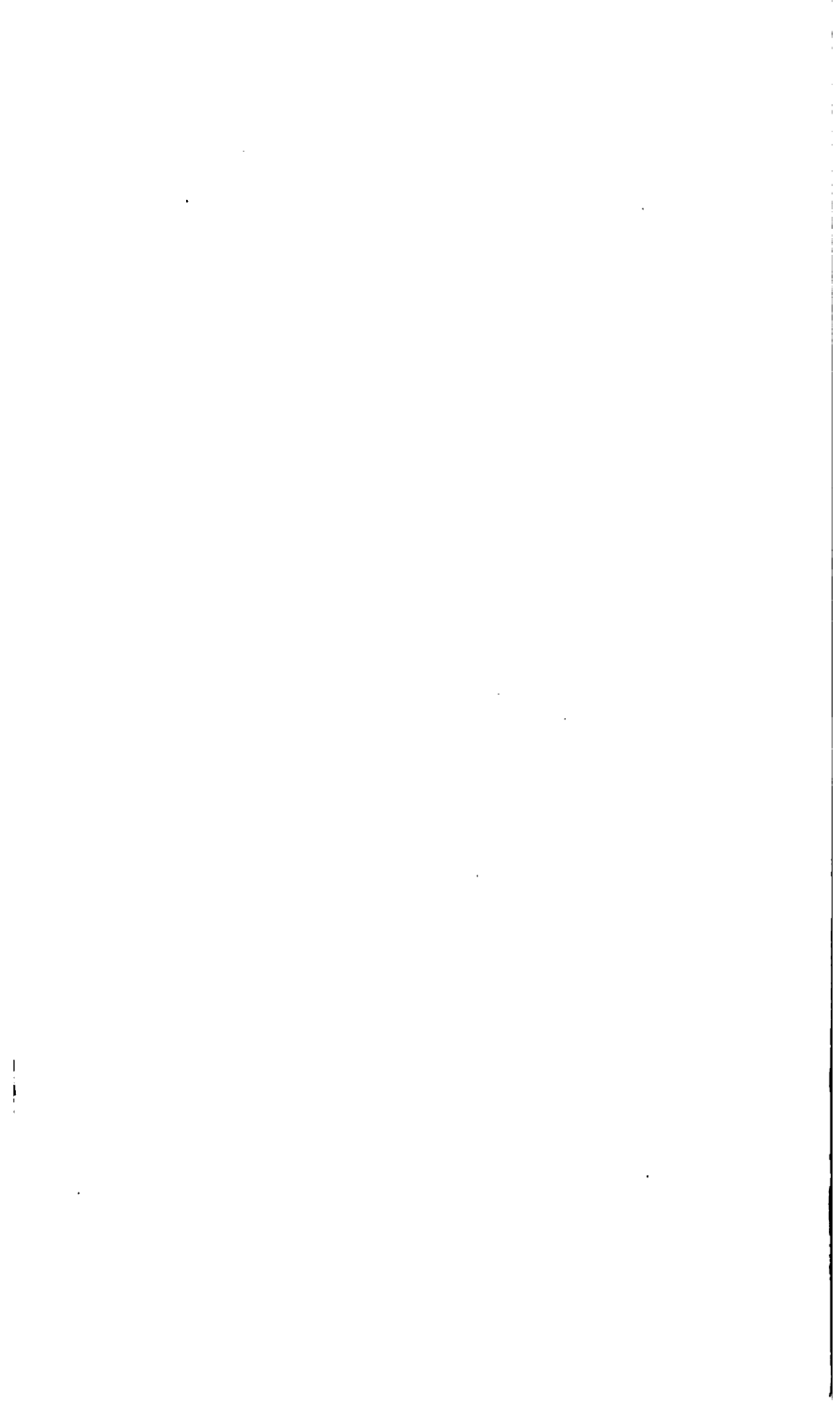


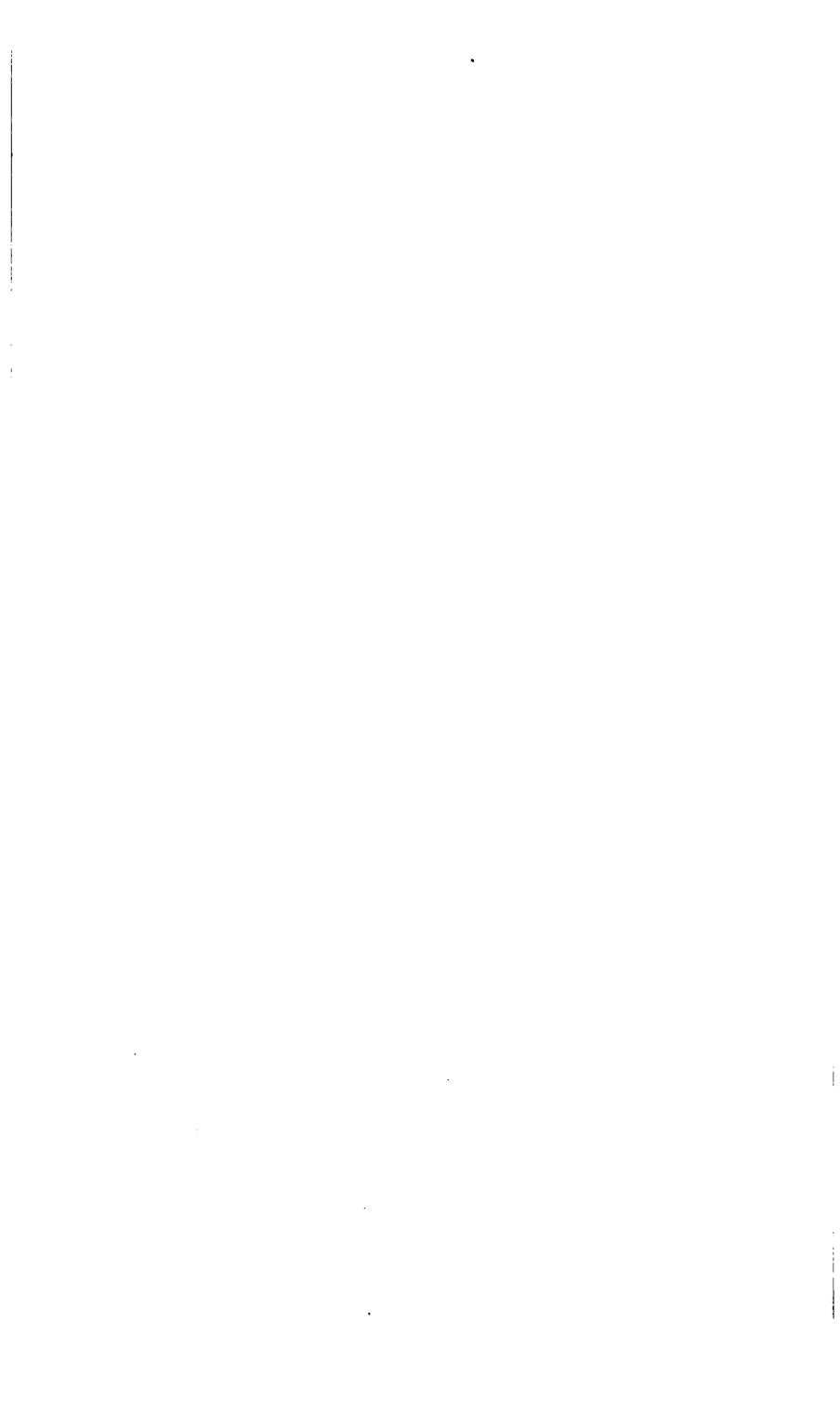


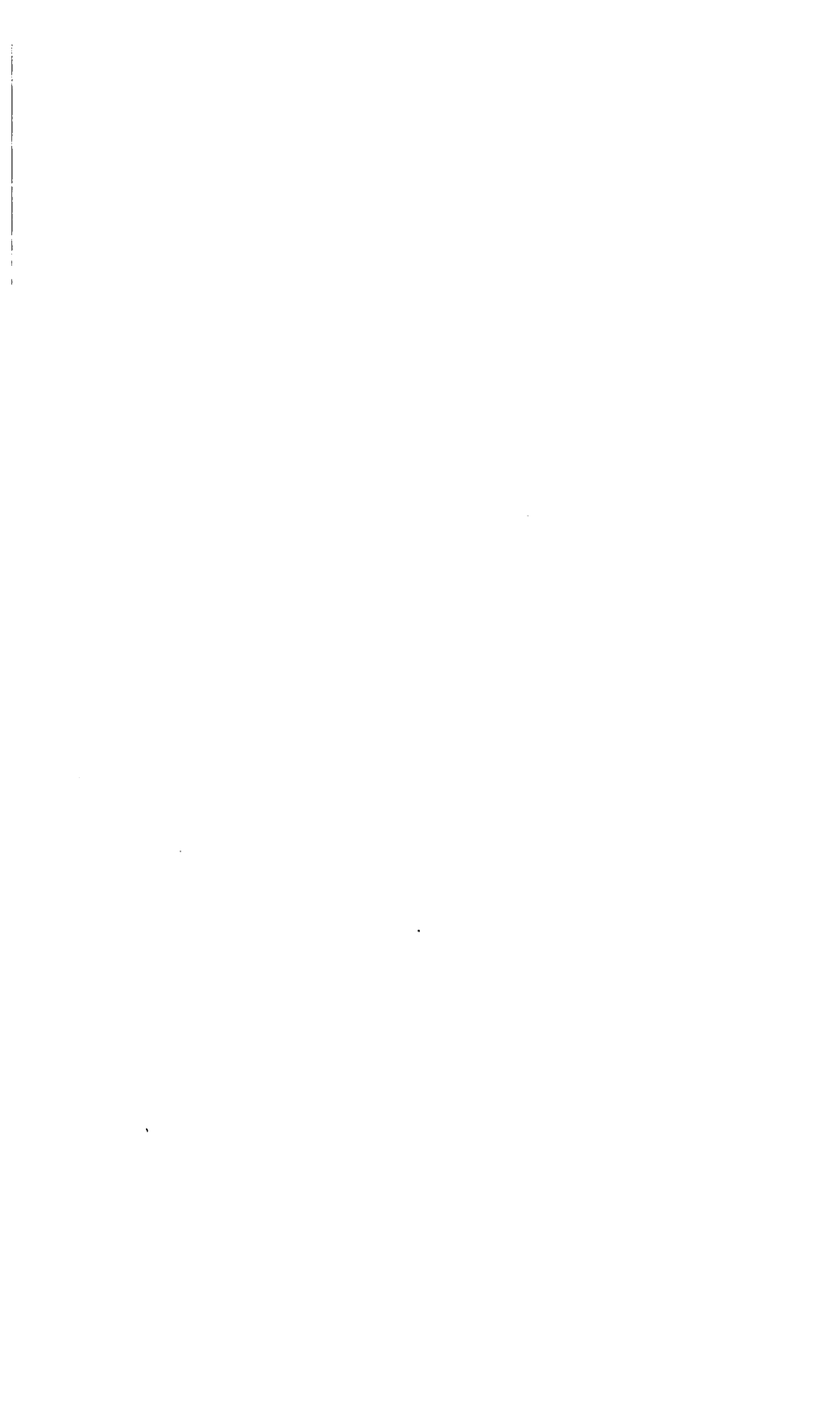






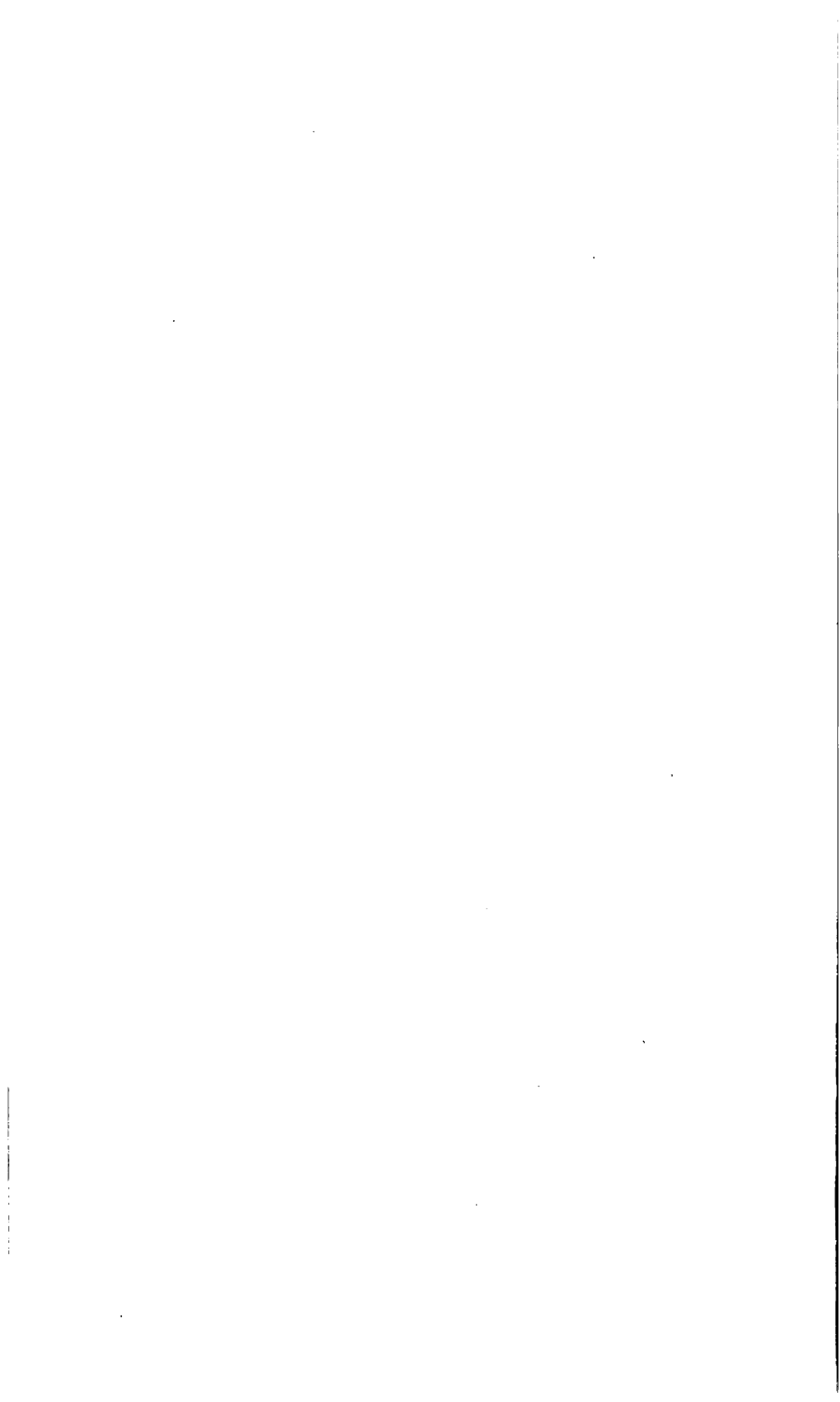






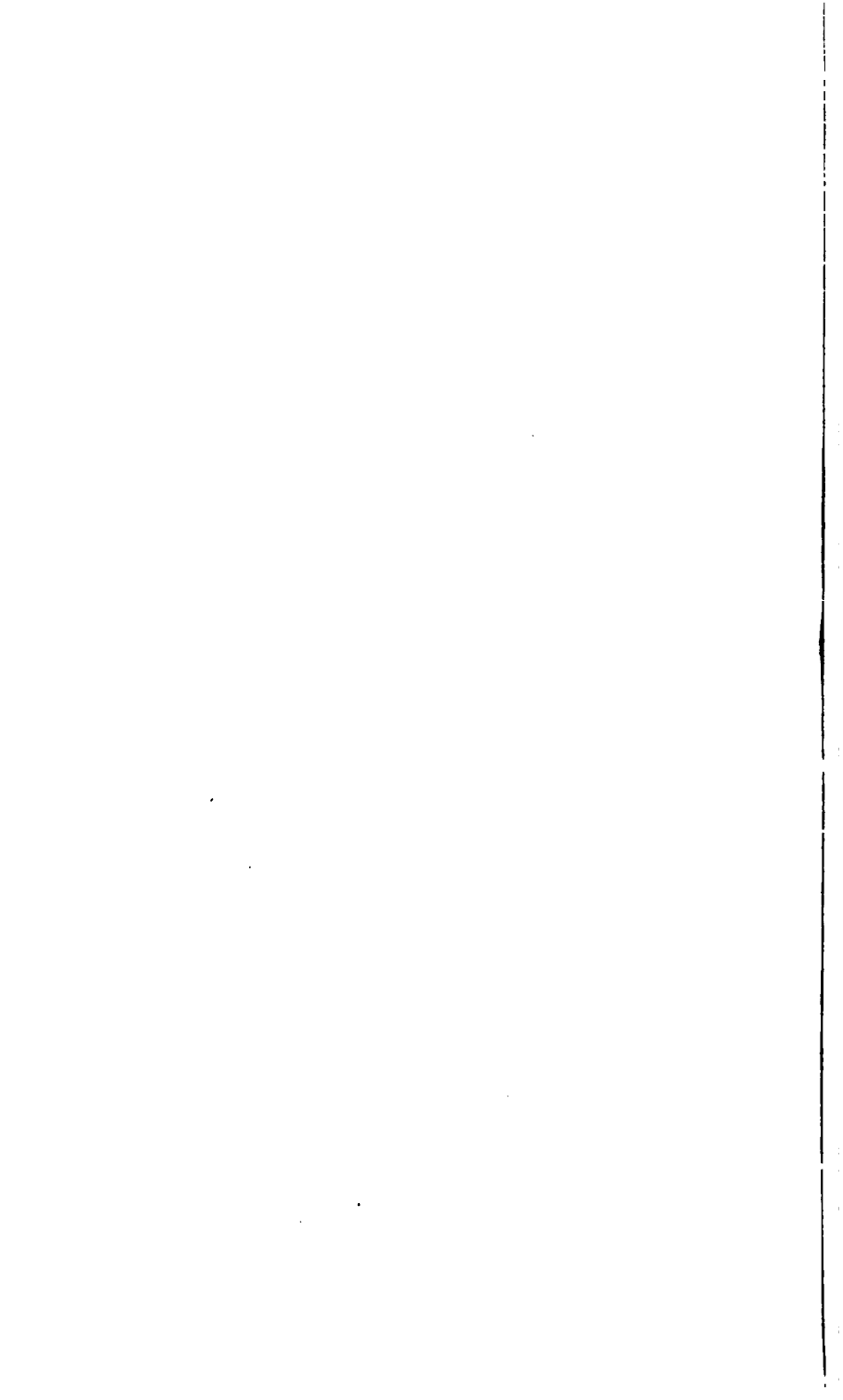
















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